





THE HERALD.
BARDSTOWN:
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

WHIG TICKET.
FOR PRESIDENT,
WINFIELD SCOTT.
For Vice President,
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, ten lines or less first insertion, \$0.75
Each subsequent insertion, \$0.25
One square three months, \$2.00
One square six months, \$3.50
One square one year, \$6.00
Half column, one insertion, \$0.50
Half column, one year, \$5.00
One column, per annum, \$8.00

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated, if not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing without exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will set in accordance with our requirements. Instead of trying for hours to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let Printers live.

CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased, we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office rent, &c., &c. Could we collect as we go, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly. For all transient Job Work and Advertising, the money must be paid when the work is done—this rule is without exception.

Col. Benton has published a very able letter or address to the people of Missouri, in relation to the Tehuantepec and the St. Louis and Pacific railroads. The most material part is an examination of the validity of the Gagey grant, which a committee of the Senate at the last session of Congress reported in favor of sustaining even by force of arms. Col. Benton certainly makes out a very strong case against the grant and scuttles the idea of a war with Mexico to enforce it. He expresses a desire to see the Tehuantepec railroad constructed, but thinks the St. Louis and Pacific road more important and more deserving of national patronage. He is extremely severe upon Congress for its neglect of this great national highway, which is so necessary to cement the Union between the Pacific region and the other States of the confederacy.

For our own part we have never for one moment lost confidence in the election of Gen. Scott, but if we had entertained a doubt it would now be removed. Accounts from every quarter of the Union are in the highest degree favorable to the triumphant success of the Whig candidates. When the tide once turns in such an ocean as the public mind of this great nation it is something different from the ripple of a mill pond, and that it has turned in favor of Gen. Scott, and that most effectually and permanently, there is not the shadow of a doubt.

There is some cholera in Bardstown. Up to the time of our going to press there have been five deaths by the disease, all colored persons; the few cases on hand are getting well and we hear of no new cases.

BUDDHA.

The religion of Buddha has probably more votaries than any other in the world. It is said to be embraced by some four hundred millions of human beings, or about half the population of the globe. Yet, very little has been known of it, until comparatively recently, and the public is indebted for what knowledge it possesses of that extraordinary religion, to a work published only a short time ago on the subject, by R. Spence Hardy, a learned member of the Ceylon Branch of the Asiatic Society.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that the founder of the religion was Gotama Buddha, the son of a petty prince, who lived on the borders of Nepal, above seven centuries before Christ. The date of Gotama's birth was B. C. six hundred and twenty-four. At the age of sixteen he married; and in the warm countries of the east, sixteen is by no means considered an early age. At twenty, his wife was delivered of a son; and having beheld the mother and child, and seen the succession to the dynasty provided for, he departed, never more to return to his palace.

The circumstances which are supposed to have given rise to this course of conduct on the part of Gotama, were these: The monastic worship of Brahma prevailed all over India at that time; Juggernaut, widow-burning, self-tortures, beastly impurities of all kinds, exercised their degrading influences upon the population, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Gotama was a youth of virtuous feelings, strong intelligence, and great determination. Looking round him at the mass of iniquity, which flourished under the guise of religion, he resolved by a life of self-denial, study, and teaching, to protest against it all. He might have led the life of a prince, been flattered and indulged, and spent his time in sensual enjoyments like the rest; but he felt that he had a great mission to perform, and he did it. Casting one glance at his wife and child, he gave up all the world's honors, and went into the wilderness or the forest, where, under the shadow of a tree, he meditated deeply upon life, its duties and obligation, its objects and aims, and there rose up in his heart great thoughts of a better life, higher aspirations, purer worship, and the issue, undying happiness for the unhappy millions who were now perishing around him. He persevered in this course of ascetic discipline for six years passing through various stages of existence, as the writings of his followers since show, until he at length reached the Buddhahood, or highest possible state of being. While in the forest, tradition relates that he was attacked by a formidable host of demons, whom he determinedly resisted; until at length, "after a desperate struggle, the demons passed away, like the thunder-cloud retiring from the orb of the moon, causing it to appear in greater splendor." This encounter with the demons most probably means the desperate human struggle with worldly passions and temptations, related in the usual highly figurative style of eastern writers.

He now appeared before the world as a preacher and proselytizer, announcing himself as the greatest of existences, come into the world to restore truth and destroy error. His followers relate of him that he preached countless discourses, performed numerous extraordinary miracles, and converted multitudes of disciples, who followed him from place to place, adopting his tenets, and conforming to the rules he laid down for their guidance. In the course of his preachings he encountered many dangers. The Brahmins were his sworn enemies, and pursued him and his disciples with relentless persecution. His followers were seized and tortured with all the refinement that priestly cruelty could devise. Gotama himself owed his escape from death, partly to his being a prince's son, partly to the desert places in which he preached, but chiefly to the vigilance and the devotion of his followers; this last was enthusiastic in the extreme. Immense numbers of people took the vows of poverty, and meditation, which he imposed upon all who, like himself, were seeking nirvana, or the destiny of purified spirits. The Brahmins raged and stormed in his path, but he held on his way. If they drove him from one district, he reappeared preaching to his followers in another.

The Brahmins at length took up arms to destroy Buddha and his followers; but he told his people that the shedding of blood was a great evil, and that those who prepared for nirvana by the greatest victory of all, that over themselves, need not fear the sword. Buddha even taught the extreme Peace doctrine of modern times—that the destruction of life under any circumstances was a crime; and the doctrine took root and spread rapidly. During his lifetime, Buddha saw the world which he preached, professed in Nepal and Behar, in Ceylon and Southern India. Preaching in the neighborhood of Benares at one time, in Nepal at another, in Ceylon at a third, he thus passed a long life; before his death, he was welcomed as the greatest of existences by thousands of enthusiastic disciples, and over extensive districts his mild and bloodless system had taken the place of one of the most horrible and lowest superstitions—that of the Hindoo Brahmins.

Gotama Buddha died at Kusinara, near Delhi, in the eightieth year of his age. His remains were burned by his disciples, and the ashes which remained were treasured by them as the most valuable of earthly possessions. Portions of them were subsequently entombed in those enormous bell-shaped monuments which are characteristic of Buddhism in every country where it has prevailed, from Burmah and Ceylon, to China and Tartary. They are called pagodas in Siam and China, dagobas in Ceylon, and gayas in Southern India. Such is the brief sketch of the probable facts in the life of this great man, as nearly as they can be gathered from the literary remains of his disciples, which began to be collected into books about two hundred years after his death, and which still exist in the sacred books of Buddha. Of course as with every other great religious reformer of the early ages, his disciple worked up a number of miracles into his life and history, the better to secure the credence of the multitude. Gotama wrote nothing himself, but his followers committed his sayings to memory, and handed them down to their successors, who at length embodied them in the written record. Notwithstanding the incredible miracles worked up into this history, there can be no doubt whatever, that the record is that of a strong, valiant, true-minded, self-denying man—who, in those remote ages, long before the Christian era, rose up to bear testimony to eternal truths, which do not fail from time to time to burst upward through the thick crust of human error and indifference. His discourses, though doubtless mixed up with much interpolation, comment, and vague tradition, bear upon them strong marks of an individual mind of a very high order; they may be regarded as so many poems; for in the east, nearly all writing is full of imagery, and assumes the poetic form. Yet, there is much that is eminently practical in these discourses, having the closest bearing upon human character and conduct. Take a few sentences by way of example: "He is a more noble conqueror who subdues himself, than the hero who, in the field of battle, overcomes thousands of thousands. "Conquer evil by goodness, anger by gentleness, malice by benevolence, and lust by temperate living; for so taught the sages of old. "As the solid rock remains unshaken by the tempest of the waves, even so is the truly wise man unmoved by the applause or contempt of the ignorant multitude. "The condit-maker guides the stream of water, the ship-builder bends the stubborn teak, the fletcher directs the arrow; but the good man does what is infinitely more difficult—he guides and controls and directs himself. "As straws are whirled along by the rapid stream to the depths of the whirlpool, even so is the foolish man swept into the sea of lust by the river of desire. "These examples might be multiplied to almost any extent from the sacred books, but what we have selected is quite sufficient to indicate the general moral tendency of his discourses. Self-control, a contempt for the world, an enthusiasm for virtue, and a conquest over lust, are the themes upon which he most loves to dilate and from which he evidently considers that the greatest blessings flow. The faith bequeathed to his race by Gotama Buddha was not allowed to propagate itself quietly. It has endured the storms of faithful persecution for hundreds of years. We give the subsequent history in the words of a writer in the Dublin Nation: "Two centuries after Gotama's death, the faith he had established had spread from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, embraced the entire island of Ceylon, had penetrated into China, and was preached in distant Nippon, one of the Japan Islands. Brahminism, the horrible old giant, was tottering to his fall in India—the peaceful system of the gentle Prophet was undermining his bulwarks, and Buddhist caves were hollowed out in every part of the country, whose architecture and sculpture astonished at the present day the unbelievers of the west. But Brahminism was not dead. The grisly, blood-smeared, foul old giant himself, and prepared for a new struggle. It was one of the tenets of Buddhism that the destruction of life under any circumstance was a crime, and Buddhism was, consequently, in this early age of its purity, no match for the monster who now reared himself, making his influence be felt in every part of India. A faithful struggle, or rather butchery, commenced. Brahminism became again victorious, and its more worthy rival was driven to Nepal in the north, and Ceylon in the south. To make amends for this loss, however, the vast eastern peninsula, including Siam, Burmah, Laos, and Cochin China, was converted; Thibet and China became almost wholly Buddhist; the vast regions of Central Asia, Tartary, and Mongolia embraced a modified form of the faith, and in this, the year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-two, Gotama, under various names, was worshipped as the Supreme Being by three hundred and sixty-nine millions of the human race."

Such is the extensive sway of the religion of Buddha—a system unquestionably mixed up with a vast deal of error and superstition, but as unquestionably superior, in all respects, to the horrible faith of Brah-

manism, which it subverted in all those extensive regions above named. Who knows, but that the mild doctrine of Buddha may thus have been permitted to prevail; in order to pave the way for a better religion still—even Christianity itself!

Owing to some slight errors, in the following list of appointments, as published last week, we re-publish it corrected:

Hon. Charles S. Morehead, Whig Elector for the State at large, will address the people at the following places and times, at 2 o'clock, P. M., each day:

Brandenburg, Meade county, Saturday, October 24. Owensboro, Davies county, Monday, October 4th. Hartford, Ohio county, Wednesday, October 6th. Greenville, Muhlenburg co., Thursday, October 7th. Hopkinsville, Christian county, Saturday, October 9th. Elkton, Todd county, Monday, October 11th. Russellville, Logan county, Tuesday, October 12th. Franklin, Simpson county, Wednesday, October 13th. Bowling Green, Warren co., Thursday, October 14th. Brownsville, Elmonson county, Saturday, October 16th. Litchfield, Grayson county, Monday, October 18th. Elizabethtown, Hardin county, Wednesday, October 20th. Bardstown, Nelson county, Thursday, October 21st. Springfield, Washington county, Friday, October 22nd. Lebanon, Marion county, Saturday, October 23rd. Perryville, Boyle county, Monday, October 25th. Harrodsburg, Mercer county, Tuesday, October 26th. Lawrenceburg, Anderson co., Thursday, October 28th. Versailles, Woodford county, Saturday, October 30th.

Whig papers please copy, and friends in each county give notice.

For the Bardstown Herald.

The Nelson Library.

The Trustees of the Nelson Library Company would most respectfully ask the subscribers to return immediately all books that belong to said Library, as it is a matter in which further indulgence cannot be granted. Many persons have taken books without the Librarians knowledge and are not charged, and he now asks and earnestly requests all good and honest citizens, who have books belonging to the Library, to bring them in without delay and greatly oblige him, as he is responsible for the missing volumes.

"Many persons, who are punctiliously honest in the other relations of life, are strangely forgetful in regard to books. Many a person has sought to oblige his friend by lending him a favorite volume, and has been rewarded by losing it forever. Our own experience on this subject has been of the most mournful kind. On our bookshelves we look in vain for many of the friends of former years. Our hearts some times yearn for a sight of a favorite passage. We rise and look for the book. Our eyes wander anxiously over upper, lower, and middle shelves, without meeting with the valued friend. We earnestly ask, "Where is it?" and echo gives the Yankee answer, "Where?" Many an old volume, bereaved of its other half, stands on the shelf in all the sorrow of hopeless widowhood. We are not in Hindostan, and do not like to perform a suttee. We do not wish to throw the old volume into the fire; and yet we hope we commit no sin when we wish that the individual who has the other volume may come and steal this. And then if he could steal from us the conviction that we ever owned such a book, he would make the favor complete. On our shelves, too, there are books to which conscience compels us to say we have no right. Let us all resolve to amend; and, to bring the matter to a definite shape, let each one resolve to return all borrowed books before the close of next week. Let there be a general purgation. We have all sinned—let us forgive, forget, and amend. We promise that each one shall feel happier after he has performed this duty. May every one who refuses never look at his library without seeing an angry scowl upon the brow of every borrowed book. When he goes to sleep, may visions of borrowed books pour upon him in the most horrible shapes—

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire!" May quarts and octaves press upon his breast like mountains. May duodecims and all the smaller train dash themselves at his head, punch his eyes, pinch his ears, hammer his teeth, pound his nose, pull his hair, and ache in all his limbs! May old volumes fill his ears with unearthly shrieks, making night hideous! May the historians bring before him all the past evils, and the poets tell him of nothing but future woes! May the essayists treat of the pleasures of being hanged, and the philosophers of the phenomena of drowning! May all the light literature be fastened to his neck, and pull him upwards; and the heavy be tied to his feet; and drag him downward! May he be lost in a German metaphysical fog, and see no light but that which gleams from the eyes of the devils in Faust; until, rather than bear the affliction of these terrible dreams," he takes home the borrowed books!"

The Danville Tribune of the 24th inst. says: The price of Hogs in some parts of the State seem to have a downward tendency. In Har- din and Meade counties they have lately been sold as low as \$3.12 to \$3.75 gross. All who are informed on the subject agree that the supply of Hogs the present season will be quite equal to the demand.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

"Every body of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres, must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is, Snobishness is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lovely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads blooming with hearty youth, swell into old bachelors, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither in shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobishness cut off the common claim of happiness and affection with which nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handiwork, as I swell with cheap rage, and glow with fury against the Snobs. Come down, I say, thou skulking dullness. Come down, thou stupid bully, and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself, with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to battle with the hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall."

"When Punch is king, I declare there shall be no such things as old maids and old bachelors. The Rev. Mr. Malthus shall be burned annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for a man not to have a pretty girl to love him."

"The above reflection came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spigot by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in the Highland Bluffs; but I quit the Cuttykilt's early and lost sight of him for many years."

"Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waistband now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright and steadfast, are the color of peeled plovers' eggs. "Are you married, Jack?" says I, remembering how comely in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the Cuttykilt's were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago."

"Married? no, says he. "Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred a year. Come to Dickerson's; there is some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy." So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy and water that Jack took showed what a regular boozier he was. A Guinea or two guineas. "What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?" says he. "Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. "Letty Lovelace," says he, "is Letty Lovelace still, but Gad! such a weakened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper (you remember what a figure she had) her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarreling with the rest of the family; always psalm singing, and always taking pills. Gad! had a rare escape there. Push round the grog, old boy."

Straightway memory went back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of the blooming young creatures; when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance was better than Montessu or Noblet (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when Jack used to wear a lock of her hair, with a little golden chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sedentary of the cuttykilt mess used about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

"My father and her's couldn't put their horses together," Jack said. "The General wouldn't come down with more than six thousand. My Governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. Lovelace told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon-peel. Don't put much into your punch, Snob, my boy. No man can stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, Jack?" says I. "Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried, except the youngest—a awful winder; cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till may-aw-rning, till daylight does appear."

"And here's the wreck of two lives!" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of John Spigot. "Pretty merry Letty Lovelace's ruder lost, and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spigot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo."

"What was that insulted Nature, (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions toward them?—What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to such stulticity, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob-tyrant who governs us all, who says, 'Thou shalt not love without a lady's maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt not have a wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French bonnet; thou shalt go to the devil, unless thou hast a Brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsman shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad, sad manner in which 'Tom or Harry has thrown himself away.' 'You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old Crasus;

you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jouture! But if you are poor, who is to buy? Society, the beautiful Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. With, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club."

"When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. Beelzebub, my hatred for Snobs and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating Juggernaut, I say, that hideous Dagon; and I glow with the heroic courage of Tom Thumb, and join battle with the giant Snob."

—Thackeray

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY S. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! how often creeps Its cadence on my lonely hours, Like healing wind on canvas of sleep, Or dew to the unconscious flowers. I can forget her melting prayer, While leaping pulses madly fly, But in the still unbroken air, Her gentle tones come stealing by, And years, and sin, and unnumbered days, And leave me at my mother's knee, The book of nature, and the print Of beauty on the whispering sea, Give me to me some innocent Of what I have been taught to be. My heart is harder, and perhaps My manliness hath drunk up tears, And there's a hallow on the lapse Of a few miserable years; But with my mother's lessons writ, I have been out at eventide, Beneath a moonlight sky of Spring, When earth was garmented like a bride, And night had on her sister wing— When bursting leaves and diamond grass, And waters leaping to the light, And all that makes the pulses beat, With wilder fleetness, thronged the night, When all was beauty—then have I, With friends on whom my love is flung Like myrrh on the winds of Arab, Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung. And when the beautiful spirit there Flung over me its golden chain, My mother's voice came on the air, Like the light dropping of the rain; And resting on some silver star The spirit of a benediction, I've poured a low and fervent prayer, Just our eternity might be, To rise in heaven's blue at night And tread a living path of light! I have been on the dewy hills, When night was stealing from the dawn, And mist was on the walking rills, And birds were delicately drawn, In the gray east—when birds were waking With a low murmur in the trees, And melody by fits was breaking Upon the whisper of the breeze, And thus when I was forth, perchance As a worn reveller from the dance— And when the sun sprang gloriously And freely up, and hill and river Were catching upon wave and tree The arrows from his subtle quiver— I say a voice has thrilled me then, Heard on the still and rushing light, Or, creeping from the silent gloom, Like words from the departing night— Hath stricken me, and I have pressed On the wet grass my forehead low, And poured forth the earliest First prayer with which I learned to bow, Have felt my mother's spirit rush Upon me as in past years, And yielding to the blessed gush Of my ungodly tears, Have risen up—the day, the wild— As humble as a very child.

John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe, John, When we were first acquainted, I'd money in my pockets, John, Which now I know there ain't, I spent it all in treating John, Because I loved you so; But mark me, how you've treated me John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe, John, We've been too long together, So you must take one road, John, And I will take the other; For we must tumble down, John, If we don't have the bill to foot, And I will have the bill to foot, John Alcohol, my Joe.

A rich letter from the Charles-

ton (Va.) Republican:

KANAWHA CO., Sept. 17, 1852.

MR. NEWTON:—Dear Sir—I learn from a friend that I have been appointed on the Democratic Committee of Vigilance for this county. I must decline the appointment for two reasons: First, Because there are no Pierce men in my region to be vigilant over; and, second, because I expect on this occasion to go it all over for Scott, myself. Yours truly, I. K. CONLY.

KILLED BY A LEECH.—We understand

that a man by the name of Garret, residing in Green county, having attended a special election recently held in that county, started for home, which was some distance off, about dark. On coming to a branch, being very thirsty, he dismounted and drank. He had not gone far before he commenced feeling a ticklish sensation in his stomach, and on his arrival at home was quite unwell. Getting worse, a physician was called in, to whom he stated he was confident he had swallowed something while drinking from the branch which produced his sickness. After trying several remedies, a powerful emetic was administered, when a live leech was thrown up, which the unfortunate man had evidently swallowed at the branch above mentioned, having remained alive in his stomach for several days. Although relieved from the leech, he died in a day or two afterwards from the injuries which it had inflicted.—Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian.

THE KENTUCKY BLOCK.—This beautiful

block, the production of the soil of the noble State it is to represent in the Washington Monument, has arrived in perfect order at "Monument Place." It is a handsome specimen of diab-colored lime-stone, 7 feet long by 3 feet 4 inches in height. The carving and lettering are executed in a masterly manner, and represent in the centre the full length figures of the lamented CLAY and CRITTENDEN, surrounded by a beautifully executed wreath of oak and laurel, with the words "United we stand, divided we fall," on the inside of the wreath; on the outside is the inscription "Under the auspices of Heaven and the precepts of WASHINGTON, Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union." The whole is executed in bold relief, and projects four inches from the face of the block. Nat. Intell.

DR. B. H. COX

HAVING permanently located himself in Bardstown, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and vicinity. He can always be found at the residence of Dr. G. E. Cox, on Market street. sep 29

PRIME OLD JAVA COFFEE for sale by

15 COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, the 26th, by Rev. F. D. MARSH, Mr. BERNARD GOLDRICH to Mrs. ELIZA MCARDLE, of Bardstown.

On Tuesday, the 28th, Mr. ALEXANDER of Louisville, to Miss DR. SILLGAHITE, of this place.

DIED.

On Saturday last, at the Bardstown Female Academy, of Typhoid fever, Miss ISABELLA, late daughter of James Lewis, of Washington county.

On Wednesday, the 29th instant, at the residence of Mr. E. L. Miles, in this vicinity, Miss SARAH A. BRADFORD.

On the 23rd of September, JAMES A. O'BRYEN, after a short illness, aged 63 years. By his death society has sustained a loss, morality has lost a supporter, religion a votary, and mankind a friend. The loss of one like the deceased, whose precepts and examples were ever tending to make mankind happier, wiser, and better, is to be deeply deplored. In his religion, by the support of him who holds the destinies of us all, he stood firm and immovable, always relying, with undying faith, on him who offered himself a willing sacrifice to redeem a degenerate world. His friends were all those who knew him; his enemy we have never seen. As a husband and parent he was kind, affectionate, and indulgent. And, while we feel ourselves called upon to mourn with his bereaved family, we earnestly pray that his death may enforce his examples and precepts, and remind us all that life is uncertain, and that virtue is happiness. Like him, may we all die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his. May he rest in peace. M.

New Advertisements.

GROCERIES.

A Superior Lot of Family Groceries, PURCHASED expressly for family use, just received and for sale at the BARDSTOWN CONFECTIONARY, opposite Queen, Hayden & Co's Store. sep 30-4t

LOT of Superior CLOAKS—just ar-

rived and for sale at RAUCH & BRO.

LARGE assortment of Satin, Silk and

Cosmetine VESTS arrived and for sale by RAUCH & BRO.

FULL range of Silk, Wool and Cotton

UNDER SHIRTS and DRAWERS for sale cheap by RAUCH & BRO.

Nelson Circuit Court.

James Crother's Adm'r, P.F., On a Petition in Equity.

vs. J. C. Crother's, adm'r, & W. D. D. Equity.

THE Creditors and Heirs of the estate of James Crother, dec'd., are hereby notified that by order of the Nelson Circuit Court, I shall proceed, on Monday, the 1st day of November next, at the law office of T. P. LINTHICUM, Esq., Bardstown, to take proof of all such claims as may be presented against said estate; also proof of such claims as may be due said estate and will continue taking such proof until the 25th of said month. J. W. MUIR, Master Comm'r.

sep 30-4w

Nelson Circuit Court.

George Beam's Adm'r, P.F., In Equity.

vs. George Beam's Devises, &c. Def. Two COUNTERCLAIMS.

James Barnes, vs. George Beam's Administrator, &c. Consolidation.

THE Administrator, Creditors and Devises of George Beam, dec'd., are hereby notified that by order of the Nelson Circuit Court, I shall proceed at law office of T. P. LINTHICUM, Bardstown, on Monday, the 1st day of November next, at the law office of T. P. LINTHICUM, Esq., Bardstown, to take proof of all such claims as may be presented against said estate; also proof of such claims as may be due said estate and will continue taking such proof until the 25th of said month. J. W. MUIR, Master Comm'r.

sep 30-4w

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold to the highest bidder, at the late residence of Ben Hardin, deceased, on Thursday and Friday, the 14th and 15th days of October, 1852, the personal estate of said decedent, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Corn in the field, wheat, oats, wagons, farming implements, 1 carriage, biddings, 25 barrels whiskey, and household furniture.

We will hire at the same time, a number of Negroes until Christmas next.

And on Saturday, the 16th of October, 1852, we will sell at the Hardin's Creek farm, in Washington county, a number of Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Corn in the field, Oats, farming implements and the fixtures of a distillery.

A credit of six months will be given on sums over \$10, and not exceeding \$50; sums over \$50, twelve months credit.—Bond with security will be required, and no property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with.

We wish to sell the Harlin's Creek farm, containing about 1100 acres. We will sell in quantities to suit purchasers. Persons having claims against the estate are requested to furnish on or before the 1st of October, with the amount as far as possible, as we wish to know the amount of debts we will have to pay.

Persons owning the estate are requested to make payment immediately. JOHN L. HELM, JOHN JOHNSON, T. P. LINTHICUM, Executors.

HITE, MUIR & HITE.

HAVING dissolved Partnership in the practice of the Law,

G. W. HITE. T. M. HITE.

HITE & SON

Will practice at the same Office, in Bardstown, Ky. Any business confided to them shall be promptly attended to in Nelson and all the surrounding counties. September 23-6w

To all whom may Concern.

AND particularly the heirs of Jesse Davis, dec'd., Take notice that I shall, on the 25th day of October, 1852, meet at my home in Nelson county, as Successors of Nelson county and a Surveyor, to survey and Partition my Land, and to take such proof as may be necessary. I shall continue from day to day until the proceeding is finished. PORTER J. STONER. September 23rd, 1852-4t p.d

The Notes and Accounts may be found at present at WILSON & NOURSE'S Grocery Store.

July 8







